Fron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

PLURALS THAT ARE SINGULAR.

The farmer likes a noble ox

And drives a team of oxen, and oftentimes he shoots a fox That goes with other foxen. In spring he lets his hired man Make with a lot of men Sweet maple sugar in a pan And fill a lot of pen.

When in the grass he steps his foot Where snakes may sting his feet, He knows they can't bite through a boot, And wears a pair of beet.

On eggs he often sets a goose
To raise a flock of geese,
And when he learns to tie a noose He makes a lot of neese.

He's sure to have an aching tooth If he neglects his teeth,
And he with boards can build a booth
As good as other beeth.

When e'er he sees a little mouse He sets a trap for mice; He also likes to paint his house As fine as other hice.

And he remembers when a child He went with other children To help his father clear a wild Among some other wildren

He saw his father kill a wolf And chase a pack of wolves, And once he sailed across a gulf To see some other guives. He owns a cherry-colored cat

Which has a lot of kittens, And almost caught a monstrous rat Which had a lot of rittens. He will amuse his tired wife,

Who works like other wives, By playing music on a fife That sounds like other fives. -H. C. Dodge, in N. Y. World.

MIDDLETON'S WIFE.

The Story of a Plucky California Woman.

Kate Mitchell was one of those unfortunate women whose surplus physical energies distinguish them from others of their sex. As a child, she was known as a as an awful warning to their little daughters, while in her own home the question of how to subdue her buoyant spirits was wrestled over with true maternal solicitude. When she grew up, society frowned upon her as a "hoyden," and her way was beset with thorns.

At eighteen she could row, and swim, and ride, and play lawn-tennis like a boy. She was a great walker, and upon one oc-casion had walked to Mt. Diablo and back in two days, with her brother and a couple of friends, a feat which alone would have sufficed to place her under a ban in San Francisco's best society. That she sang like a bird, danced like a sylph, and was, irresponsible boys, conservative circles frowned upon her, and it was generally most radical and dangerous tendencies.

It was, therefore, a matter of polite regret when the announcement of her approaching nuptials with one of this same conservative circle was received. Tom Middleton was a promising young lawyer, of excelent family and irreproachable manners. It had been generally understood that Tom's ideal was of a very different type, and more after the pattern of the elegant society women with whom he had been accustomed to associate. His intimate friend and boon companion, Jack Spencer, who had always disapproved of Kate, undertook to pose as the nouth-piece of society, and echoed its sentiments in Tom's unwilling ear. Tom stood stancily by his colors, but his friend's words sank deep into his soul, nevertheless. He secretly resolved that, for his sake and her own, Kate must be

"toned down." He succeeded even beyond his hopes. Nine years after her marriage, few would have recognized in the quiet, repressed woman, the gay and spirited girl of former days. Kate was fond of her husband, and the alchemy of love had wrought the change; but it is a dangerous thing to meddle with spiritual chemistry as well as the forces of the material world, and if Tom had known what pent-up longings and rebelious inclinations raged beneath his wife's quiet exterior, he might have repented his success. But he went on callously and blindly, as men will when dealing with delicate forces which they can not understand, and Kate kept her grievances to herself. Two children came-the elder a girl, a fiery, untamed little creature, who made the mother's heart ache, as she saw in the child a reflex of herself; the other, a boy, sturdy, deliberate, like his father. When the children grew larger, and needed room for exercise and outdoor air, which their city home would not afford, they took up their residence in a little country home, not so far away but that Tom could travel back and forth daily and attend to his business, and it is

here that our story finds them. One gray, December day, Kate stood at her window, gazing out upon the landscape. It had been a dull, tiresome week. Several days before, Tom had started off on a long-promised vacation, which was to be dedicated to a hunt in the mountains, in company with a party of friends. She was thinking, with envy, of this merry hunting-party, and wondering, halfbitterly, why amusements that were conceded to be proper and healthful for men should not be healthful and proper for women. How she would have enjoyed the long tramps over the hills, the excitement of the hunt, the joy of holding a good gun upon her shoulder, and knowing that she could sight and shoot with the best of them! She felt a wicked solace as she thought of the showers that had fallen in the valley and the clouds that had hung constantly over the mountains. She was lonely, dull and cross, and chafed against her hedged-in life, with its narrow boundaries, its senseless restraints.

There was a rush of feet through the house, the door of her room opened, and the children burst in. Mamma, the creek is up! Take us

. The childish longing for novelty and excitement found an instant echo in her heart. They had run in from out-door play, and were bouneted and cloaked, with rubber overshoes to protect their feet from the damp earth. As for her, it was refreshing to evade Bridget's vigilant eye, and to steal out of the front door in her loose house dress, bare-headed, and with worsted slippers on her feet. They followed a garden path for a little distance, and then entered a narrow lane leading to a

As they looked and listened, Kate realmulated its forces in the thousands of tiny rivulets, and, joining issue with the mountain stream, plunged down its narrow channel, a mighty and irresistable

Even as they looked she saw a wall of water suddenly rear up above and come down toward them like a miniature tidal

The dam, built by the new water company, had given way!

ground, and not a moment too soon. The cut into the solid banks on either side, the dignity of his "family." and bushes and young trees, rooted up and sucked in by the greedy current, went spinning by. A giant sycamore wavered. flung out its bare and skeleton limbs as if in ghostly protest, and fell far out into the stream, interlocking its branches with a sturdy, evergreen oak, which stood on the opposite bank, while its trunk, loosely

"Mamma! See the big boards coming!" cried out her little daughter. Kate looked far up stream and saw great timber sailing leisurely along. Now it caught on a projecting snag and swung half about, now it struck a submerged island, and idly disengaged itself and sauntered on. Behind it was another, and yet another-the stream was

helplessly in mid-stream.

"Oh, my God! The railroad bridge!" The railroad bridge, and the afternoon train now nearly due, soon to rush down a steep grade to a leap into that yawning chasm! Her first impulse was to start up the canyon, but she instantly checked herself. What folly, when miles of overflow lay between her and the doomed

train! Word must be sent down to the station, and from there a telegram to the next stopping place above the bridge. But how? The hired man! Jim had gone an hour before to the village to get the mail and have his daily gossip with the loungers of the place. Even if he was here, neither horse nor man was fleet enough to cover the circuitous road that lay between. Then she looked at the prostrate sycamore. Down the stream, leisurely, but nearer and nearer still, sailed the great timbers. "Marian, take little brother and go straight to the house and stay there till

mamma comes back." one of the roots, and was creeping stealthily along the swaying trunk. Here her dress caught on a branch; there she had to climb down and crawl along with her feet under the water, to avoid an upright limb. Once she slipped and lost her hold, and was nearly sucked into the eddying current, but she caught at a stout projec-

tion and swung herself up again. She could hear the swash of the heavy timbers up-stream as they rocked lazily upon the water, but she did not dare to look. Before her the main trunk of the tree was lost, and she saw two diverging limbs, one low in the water, the other locked with the oak in mid-air. Which to "tomboy," and prim mothers held her up take? She dared not hesitate, but commenced a perilous climb along the up-per limb, slippery and naked in places, wavering so that she grew dizzy, and shut her eyes to keep from hand over hand, she crept the entire length, and the great stick of timber struck heavily against the fallen sycamore, and just as Kate swung herself into the branches of the oak she felt her support give way, and with a groan, and crash, and wild up-tossing of its skeleton

altogether, a very amiable, pure-minded dleton reached solid ground at length, and formal tributes, no speech-making even across a rough country, in a mad effort to girl, was a small offset for the sum of her first her maternal instinct asserted itself, from the two who understood. There was avert the impending danger .- Flora iniquities, and although she was exceed- and she looked back and saw her children no deputation of strong men to tender her | Haines Loughead, in Argonaut. ingly popular among a set of young and standing still and looking after her. She pointed homeward with a gesture that they dared not disobey, and saw them understood that she was a young person of | turn and run up the lane, then sped along

She was not light of foot as in her girlhood; whereas, she was once fleet as a ing to be a stout and middle-aged woman. She moved heavily and clumsily, and fore she reached the station, and the train -oh, but to possess once more the agility of her girlhood!

Which would be first? Would the train. flying across the upper levels of the Coast Range, reach the next station before the brave woman had sent her message of herself the question she could not have told. She scarcely dared hope that she might be in time. Her heart seemed ready to burst with grief for the terrible misery threatening so many happy homes. Alas! for the orphaned children who might cry aloud to Heaven that night! Alas! for fathers and mothers whom the morrow might behold bowed down with sorrow! Alas! for husbands and wives -

She was crossing the bed of one of the many abandoned channels of the impetuous mountain stream, a rocky pathway, strewn with the spoils of by-gone freshets, where, even then, a shallow stream was rippling past, token of the torrent's surplus force. She faltered, smitten by a new and awful thought. What if Tom-Tom, who was not to come home for two days more; Tom, who had started out in an altogether different direction-should have cut short his excursion, or, with his party, driven home by the continued rains. somehow wandered to one of the upper stations, and boarded the train there!

Where was her vaunted physical strength now? What was she, after all, but a weak, wretched woman, with trembling limbs, every muscle clogged by this great horror that had taken possession of her, a fierce pain gripping at her heart, something rising in her throat which suffocated her, her eyes blinded with babyish tears? Thank God! her brain kept clear and true to its purpose, and urged on the flagging body. On, on, over little hillocks, across level stretches of sand, down new ravines she ran. Once she cut her foot cruelly upon a sharp stone and remembered, for the first time, that she had on the light worsted slippers she had worn in the house, and had carelessly neglected to exchange for walking-boots when she started down the creek with her children. She even bethought herself and took possession of her. Tom, her that her loose house-dress was scarcely the style of apparel in which she should like to present herself at the station. could she have her choice, and in the same breath sent up a prayer of thankfulness for its light weight, which scarcely encombered her movements.

With all the rest of her senses dulled, her hearing appeared to have become preternaturally sharp. She seemed to hear the clatter of the approaching train twelve miles away. The throb, throb, throb of the engine kept pace with her beating heart. She heard the hollow echoes from the neighboring hills as the train crept over embankments, its deafening clamor as it rushed across trestle-work, its dull rumble as it rolled over solid ground. She even seemed to see the engineer as he laid his hand on the escape-valve, ready to coming home at all; I have traveled give the iron monster voice as it neared shrick of the escaping steam, the clangor of the bell, the puff, puff, as the train we were notified that the bridge three jangle of couplings.

Would she never reach the little red and then entered a lattice was a little twinkle in place where they were accustomed to ford station-house, now plainly in sight at the self again. There was a little twinkle in n the summer time, but over which now end of the smooth graveled road? She was her eye, but her lip trembled. the product of a heavy rainfall over the whole vast water-shed, which had accuthere were a horse and buggy in sight, to it was a woman. And she did wonderful seemed inadequate to fulfil! But she the station, and got there in an uncon-

might not turn aside. On the depot platform more loungers, Jim among them, rolling a quid of to-bacco in his cheek and talking earnestly about the state of the weather and the prospects of the growing crops. They all looked upon her as a mad woman, as she

They ran back from the shore to higher indignation that must always possess a tennis practice. When a woman puts her ground, and not a moment too soon. The self-respecting servant, when master or strength to such a use—and such a strain stream rose several feet in a second. It mistress does something derogatory to as it must have been, by Jove! Why,

The station-master was in his office, talking with a gentleman who had come down from the mountains, and was waiting to take the train to the city. He was clad in a very nobby hunting-suit, and was talking with some excitement

"It has rained all the week," he was valley, but, great guns! you should be up anchored by long, snake-like roots, tossed in the mountains in a rain-storm. Sheets and sheets of it-blizzards of sleet and a bee-line down here. The rest crossed the hills to the station above. They'll be

down on the four-o'clock." Voice and speaker were familiar to the woman who stood in the doorway, both hands pressed to her panting breast. The

her steady brain saved her. "Stop the train! The bridge is gone!" she cried.

Both men looked up, startled at the slower to comprehend, came forward, the look of amazement on his face, as he viewed the singular apparition in the doorway, giving place to amused indulgence, as he recognized the speaker. What an eccentric, impetuous girl Kate Mitchell always was, and what a life she must lead Tom Middleton!

"This is quite an unexpected pleasure Mrs. Middleton," he said, smiling. She waved him back with a single imperious gesture. There was a brief silence. The operator listened intently, with his head resting on his hand. Kate She had already pulled herself up by Middleton remained standing in the doorway, her hands clasped low, her face blanched with dread, and all her soul absorbed in listening. Jack Spencer, slowly comprehending the meaning of the scene, waited, his interest growing with every moment's delay.

At last it came, the monotonous click, click, conveying its portentous message in a language unknown to two of the three listeners. The operator arose from his

"Just in time. The train was pulling out of the station, but they stopped her." Kate Middleton clutched at the doorway. For the first time in her life her head gave way. She was again on the kept their secret well. The only subswaying sycamore, and the limb was cracking, breaking, going down. She felt tion was Tom Middleton's. His wife the water on her face and opened her eyes, to find herself seated in a chair, Jack Spencer supporting her head, and falling. And so, lying prone upon it, the station-agent pouring ice-cold water

"She'll be all right in a minute," said Jack, cheerfully. "Now, Mrs. Middleton, with your permission, I'll see you home." station-agent's wife. Jim brought up the court on the lawn. But even as she anhorses. Jack Spencer handed her into the swers Kate sees again the railroad train, arms, the old tree tore loose from its wagon, with grave courtesy, and they with its precious living freight, thundermoorings, and was swept down stream drove off. Some of the loungers, dimly ing on to destruction, and a woman, bareunderstanding what she had done, looked headed, wild-eyed, with draggled dress Her hands torn and bleeding, Kate Mid- on curiously. That was all. No fuss, no and bleeding feet, racing desperately public tribute, in voices shaken by sobs Contrary to all tradition, and unlike any hero or heroine who ever saved a train from wreck, she was on the wrong side of Why Farmers Should Not Allow Their the bridge, and the people most deeply

concerned were nine miles away. She had little to say on the ride homedeer, and swift motion was a very joy to ward, although Jack Spencer was attenher, she now realized that she was grow- live and talkative, and tried, as hard as a man could, to show his appreciation of her brave deed. Perhaps she was embarassed labored for breath, and her feet were like in the consciousness of her odd attire, clods beneath her. There was a mile of and the curious looks cast upon her as she | Central and Wes'ern part of New rough and rocky ground to be covered be- rode through the village. Perhaps she was secretely ashamed of her mad race. and of the exceptional, unwomanly physical prowess that had made it possible, notwithstanding the fact that it had saved many lives. She did not even invite Jack to come in when she reached her own door, but descended from the wagon with warning? How many times she asked great dignity, and only relaxed a little when Jack said, very earnestly:

"I shall never underrate the value of physical training for woman again, Mrs. Middleton. Some day I shall beg to put my little daughter under your tutelage. Which was a great concession for Jack, whose little daughter was the apple of his eye, and whom he had hitherto only looked forward to making an accomplished woman, of elegant manners.

Neither honor nor praise awaited Kate in her own home. Bridget scolded her, and put her to bed, and declared that she "wud surely catch her death a-cold, an' she desarved it well," and tried to save her from the consequences of her misdeeds at the same time. Of the children, Harry stubbornly resented her base desertion of them on the bank of the raging stream, and Marian, with her mother's spirit of adventure strong upon her, terrified the household by avowing her intention of going across the water on a tree the first time she could escape parental authority.

The mother had her reward, neverthe less. Late that night, when the children were asleep and Bridget had relaxed guard, Kate escaped from bed, and donning a wrapper and shawl, laid herself down upon the lounge before the open fire, to enjoy scanning the daily paper. The rain fell steadily without, so steadily that the sound of a horse's hoofs coming up the sodden driveway were scarcely distinguishable from the patter of the rain-drops. Kate started up as she heard a step outside the door another moment. and Tom was before her, looking very solemn, like a newly-materialized ghost.

"Tom?" she cried, sharply, and then she seemed to cower before him; yet not before him, but the horror of the afternoon, which again descended upon her husband, might have been one of that grisly throng of mangled, crushed, dead, and dving phantoms of the might-havebeen, ever torturing her mental vision. She pressed her hands over her eyes, as if they might bar out the sight. 'Oh, you ought not: you should never

do such a thing," she said. After all, she had nerves, and they ha been sorely tried that day. "What do you mean?" gravely demanded Tom. This was indeed a sorry greeting, after all he had been through. "You shouldn't come home in this unexpected way; you should let people know

when you are coming." "Kate," said Tom, solemnly, seating himself on the sofa and drawing her down beside bim, "you will speak differently when you know how near I came to not twelve miles on horseback over a rough the little mountain town; then the wild mountain road to get here to-night. We were just starting out of Prescita when slackened speed, the clatter of brakes, the | miles below there-six miles above here.

Kate-had been carried away. "How did you find out?" Kate was her-

sionably short time. Not a minute to spare. If it hadn't been for her!—oh, it was a wonderful feat, every body says."
"But how-very-unladylike!" sa Kate, in a shocked voice. stooping to pick up something from the floor.
"Unladylike!" cried Tom, excitedly. "I

Kate, I doubt if you could so much as walk to town and back. But when a woman saves two or three hundred lives at one stroke—! My goodness, Kate! What have you been doing to your foot?" For Mrs. Middleton had unconsciously oushed the wounded foot into sight, and "It has rained all the week," he was its load of bandages, piled up by Bridsaying; "you think it rains here in the get's clumsy fingers, and finished with a

red flannel swathing, was indeed calculated to strike terror to the beholder. "I-I took a little walk to-day," replied hail, and the wind blowing like a hurri-cane. We broke camp yesterday. I took again beneath the hem of her dress. "But don't let us talk about that, Tom. I'm sorry I seemed queer and cold when you came in. I wasn't feeling well, and you-you looked so. It made me shiver." Like many people who are dauntless in the presence of real danger, Kate had all words came only too distinctly to her her life been shy of praise. If she could quickened senses. Then her premonitions have kept the knowledge of her escapade were true, and Tom-Tom was on that as the mentally termed it, from her husfated train. Again her body reeled, but band, she would gladly have done it. But, stupid as he was in some ways, obtuse as he was, he was not to be put off in this way. He was already on his knees beside her, cutting threads, removing pins words. With the prompt movement of a and undoing cloths in spite of her proman trained to obey orders, the agent | tests, until he disclosed a little foot, purleaped to his instrument; the other man, | ple with bruises, and with an ugly gaping cut on one side.

"No wonder you are not yourself tonight. A 'little walk!' I should say so. Kate, what have you been up to now?" "I had on my slippers," confessed the culprit, "and-there wasn't time to change them. Let it alone, Tom. It'll be all right to-morrow."

"A 'little walk!'" persisted Tom. 'Great Cæsar, Kate, you are not to be trusted alone any more than a two-yearold babe; I'll never dare to go off and leave you again." "If I hadn't taken my little walk, you-

von-mightn't have had the chance!" cried poor Kate, cornered at last. "My soul!" cried Tom, a light dawning upon him at last. "It was you!"

I think he kissed the little lame, bruised feet. I am afraid he did a great many foolish things, and humbled himself most lamentably to show his love for his brave young wife, his pride in her, and his contrition.

There was a purse made up by the passengers on the overland train that fateful day, to reward the plucky woman who had saved them from such a frightful disaster, but they were never able to find her out. The station-master and Jack Spencer scription that ever reached its destinasome times wears a very ugly bracelet set with a couple of very large and ponderous gold coins. When people question her about it she replies that it is a medal Tom once awarded her for a race she won. It is generally understood that she refers to some rowing match or horseback ride, for there are boats on the pond now, saddle-She borrowed a hat and cloak from the horses in Tom's stable, and a tennis-

SAVE THE FODDER.

Oat Straw to Go to Waste. There is upon the farm much useess waste, and frequently the larger and more productive the farm, the greater the amount of fodder that is not properly utilized. A few years ago the writer, in driving through the York, saw a large number of stacks of straw, which cattle and hogs were altramping most of it down. In fact, it seemed the chief desire of the owners to convert it into what they termed barn-vard manure." In some localities I saw the straw spread upon the ground and burned. Having always lived in a dairying section, where comparatively little grain is raised, and consequently little straw grown, this seemed to me an extremely wasteful practice. I am well aware that by a large share of farmers oat straw is considered of little value as fodder, but I am convinced that, if

it is properly saved, this is not true. pasture land that had become mossgrown, and wishing to reseed it, I born County Standard: summer-fallowed, cultivating the ground during the season, and the following spring sowed to oats, using a sufficient quantity of commercial manure to insure a good crop. While the oats were yet quite green-only the op of the heads showing "turned," as we say-we began cutting them with well put up, so as to shed the rain, and allowed to stand out until thoroughly

When we were drawing them in I used to chew up the butt of a straw, finding it unusually sweet. I wondered at this at first, as I had always found the oat straw dry and tasteless. I finally accounted for it on the theory that the straw being cut while yet green and full of sap, the sweet juices were retained and cured in the straw. The oats were plump and heavy, and when we came to feed the straw to our cows in winter, which we did by giving one feed of straw and one of hay one and three-fourth pounds per day. At first thought it might seem to some that these suggestions are out of season, the feeding season see it so, for now is the time to lay plans to secure an abundance of twelve head of young cattle almost exclusively on one feed of oat and buckwheat chaff, and one of damaged hay, with a quart of middlings and cotton seed mixed. They have made a good

Instead of grumbling at our hard lot, let us see if we are not allowing many things to go to waste that may Smith, in N. Y. Examiner.

has been discovered that the poison-

-There are now eighteen Avons in tell you, Kate, that was something worth the United States, the last town to be ran past them. Jim muttered an expletive under his breath, moved by the strong while. Very different from your lawn- so named being in Massachusetts.

GRESHAM IN POLITICS. Some of the Spots in His Record Which Can Not Be Wiped away.

him as a clean man, who was guided an unmixed blessing. -St. Paul Pioin public affairs by a sole desire to do | neer Press. (Kep.). the square thing. If Judge Gresham had never become a Presidential candidate, he would have gone down into The Contemptible Arguments Employed history as one of the purest men that ever adorned public life. But it doesn't look that way now. The partisanship, Republican editors at Blaine folks are talking a good deal, the North could not write as they do and what they say is calculated to about the political attitude of negroes tarnish the Judge's good name and to at the South. The worst charge that knock the spots out of his Presidential was ever brought against the colored boom. They indulge in a good deal of race is the constant assumption of mysterious undertone talk about the Northern Republican organs that every political trades the Judge made to get man who has a black skin, simply into a Cabinet office and from the because he has a black skin, can be Cabinet to a life position on the Fed- counted upon to vote the ticket laeral bench. And then they profess to beled Republican every time, no matter have something that they are holding how great rascals the candidates upon back to be sprung at an opportune it may be. Seriously to maintain time, which will show that Judge this is to impugn the fitness of the Gresham's celebrated ruling in the negro to exercise the suffrage, and even Jay Gould railway case was not to justify interference with his free so purely unselfish as the Judge's exercise of it. There is not a Southern friends would have the public State in which the negroes have not believe. In addition to these mysterious intimations of crooked corrupt rule of the carpet-bagger was transactions on the part of one who is overthrown, and if, notwithstanding held up as an example of immaculate this fact, it were true that every nepurity in American political life, the gro would vote to restore that rule if Blaine people have gone to work and he had the chance, no Northern white unearthed Judge Gresham's political man has any right to complain if record, thirty years back, and, as a result, show that he was an ultra Know-Nothing, who went about breathing slaughter and threatenings to all American citizens of foreign birth. "America for Americans" was the Judge's political war cry thirty years as Warmoth, Republican editors

So far as the intimations thrown out by the Blainites concerning Judge Gresham's crookedness in politics or | his ruling in the Wabash cases, they will count for but little against him unless substantiated by proof. But so far as his Know-Nothing record is coneye. Not because of any special prejudice in the Republican party against ble Know-Nothing record would not make an available Presidential candistrength from other quarters, because

been ignorant of their candidate's past record when they started his boom, or they underestimated the hyena-like capacity of the Blaine leaders for delving into the dead past -St. Paul Globe.

TYPE-FOUNDERS' TRUST.

Interesting Facts for Editors Who A Perhaps those newspapers which believe that the tariff as it is is a divine institution, to propose a change in | Post (Ind.). which is treason to country and party, Some years ago I had a tract of may be interested in the following statement of facts, printed in the Free-

We have been favored with a circular from a firm of type-founders which, although highly interesting, is wrongly entitled. It is entitled "Stand and Deliver." Without the least explanation in the way of justification or reason. and without any ceremony, it briefly and bold-ly says: "At the fifty-sixth meeting of the Type-Founders' Association of the United States at New York April 11 and 12, 1888, the following advance in rates, to take effect on a reaper, making bundles of rather and after May 1, 1888, was unanimously adoptsmall size, and stonting up imme- ed." Then follows a scale of prices twenty per diately. They were snugly bound and cent. in advance of the present prices. Th profits of type-making are now fully fifty per cent.: there has been no advance in cost of material or in the price of labor, there is not an increased demand, and this twenty per cent. advance is simply a robbery of so much more than this organized gang of plunderers have heretofore exacted. It is impossible for publishers and printers to advance rates, owing to the natural and active competition between them, and in consequence they must "stand

With one exception this is wholly and literally true. There has been some increase in the cost of the material of which type is made. There is a notable advance in tin, under the operations of a "trust," and an increase in the price of other metals less important as factors in type-making. each day, they made a good quantity But these changes, which are given as of butter, some of them averaging the alleged reason for advancing list prices of type, are by no means sufficient to warrant the action of the "combine." If any one inquires how it is able to levy this new tribute on being so nearly over. But I do note the American newspaper, and, through it, on the American public, he will find it in the following explanation by the feed to be grown during the summer | Standard: "Under the tariff this conmonths. The past winter I have kept | spiracy against fair and honest trade, denominated an 'American industry,' is protected by a tax of 25 per cent. on cents per pound on lead, 10 per cent. on antimony, 20 per cent. on tin and 4 cents per pound on copper."

monopoly of American type-founders thoroughly committed to one side of could not stand for a day. The type | a living issue as the Republican party be turned to account, enabling us to makers of Europe are making fortunes is to the other side. This is a pleaskeep more stock, make more manure, at the business, while their prices are produce more feed, and, in short, do so far below those exacted by that ballots should have a distinctive passing the post-office, where people idly gazed at her. What matter! If only somewhat vague. But all accounts agree mortgage upon the farm.—J. D. try that every purchaser of a or policy of Government.—N. Y. printing outfit could save hun- World. dreds of dollars if he were permitted -Chrome yellow is getting itself to buy in the cheapest market. Nor a part of the speech in which he at into disrepute in Baltimore, too. It does the benefit of this increased cost atcked Senator Voorhees expunged tion bill." The farmer wondered for ous compound is used there in coloring candles, though it appears not to making is done very largely by women a great extent.

The work of type-making is done very largely by women and children. They are paid the lowest should make no speeches at all. To note. countries. The whole number of firms Dubuque (Ia.) Telegraph,

engaged in the business in the United States is only about eight or ten. And the managers of these are able to get A man never knows himself until he together as they have done, and, by gets into politics. At least, he never the help of the tariff, to advance their gets his past life pulled together in prices enormously, not one penny of such shape that he can see it all at the increase going into the pockets of one glance until he becomes a formid- labor. Every newspaper in the counable candidate for some political office. try must pay this tribute. Every That is why Judge Gresham is perhaps reader of a newspaper is affected by better acquainted with himself to-day the price which he must pay for sub-than ever before. It is altogether scription and advertising. Every man probable that he never realized what a | who has a hand-bill or poster printed small potato he was until the Blaine must contribute his share to the inorfolks got to editing his record. Up to dinate profits of the manufacturer of within the last month or two the type. This is how an unchangeable Judge had reason to be stuck on him- tariff works in a particular instance. self, for pretty much every body else It might be worth while for those who was stuck on him. He had been a feel the burden in this case to look into Cabinet officer, a Judge of the Federal | the working of tariff laws in other par-Court, and had held various public ticulars, and see whether taxes high trusts, and yet every body spoke of enough to foster such monopolies are

SMALL PARTISANSHIP.

If they were not utterly blinded by fared better in every way since the Southern white men say that the negro is not fit to vote. Until the color line is broken down there is no hope of a division of the white vote at the South, and, instead of lamenting the defeat of so disreputable a candidate should rejoice that it opens the way for a more healthy condition of politics

in the future. The present Democratic majority in the House of Representatives in the Executive branch of the Government is a usurpation, and never before, except by hostile armies, has popular government been so seriously im-

cerned, it is bound to give the Judge's cept of slander, the Republicans pro- time been to cut fair-sized pota-Presidential aspirations a very black pose to see if there is another Presi- toes to two or three eyes and dent in the bloody shirt. The South must be conquered again. The negro pieces being dropped about one foot Know-Nothingism, because the old must be put on top, as it is only in Know-Nothing party was the germ of that position that he can be a free lant, a small quantity of superphosthe Republican party, but it will be citizen, according to the Republican because of the general recognition of notion. He is a slave if he is not seen the fact that a man with an unmistaka- to be ruling his former master. This rogramme, of course, insures a solid South. By appeals to sectional hate, date. That record would alienate the the Republicans propose to pit against entire foreign-born population at the it a solid North, and then reconstrucstart, without any show of attracting tion will begin again. We believe the entire Know-Nothing element is the bitterness of the North and underlowed to run to at will, pulling and already inside of the Republican party. estimate its generosity and good Judge Gresham's friends must have sense. We believe the average Northern man sees that the status of the negro can not be fixed high by statute, but that he must win his way along the thorny path of civilzation in the same slow, painful way as did they who walked before him. The path may be smoothed for him, and has been, but he must walk. However Northern people may think and feel about this problem, the time for a division of the white vote in the South has evidently not yet come. - N. Y.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

-Thus the sea of trouble on which the water-logged old Republican ship is being tossed, is becoming day by day more turbulent and stormy. - Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.

--- Ingalls stands pilloried not only a sneak who sought to evade the retion. - Detroit Free Press.

about. - St. Louis Globe-Democrat -Voorhees has asked the pardon

of the Senate for the language he recently made use of regarding Ingalls. guage necessary .- St. Paul Globe. --- If Senator Ingalls is disposed to

lan for the Presidency in 1864, when latter was laid away in the grave. -Cleveland Plaindealer. -Judge Gresham has five bullets

in his body, received during the war, and a Republican paper says that "the people love him for the lead he carries." How many rebel bullets does Mr. Blaine carry? Judging from his type. 20 per cent. on type metal, 2 hold upon Republican heart-strings, he must be about as full of lead as a lead mine. - Chicago Herald. -The Democratic party will go

If it were not for these duties the into the Presidential campaign as

---Senator Ingalls proposes to have to the American public give any ad- from the Senate record. Ingalls would an hour what the editor was driving current market rate of wages, differing employ a familiar bull, he never opens little from that prevailing in other his mouth but he puts his foot in it.—

PLANTING POTATOES.

A Crop That Can Be Grown on Alme The potato is one of the important crops of the farm, and one which under ordinarily favorable circumstances can be grown with as little trouble as the average of crops. Within the past few years, or since the advent of the Colorado beetle, cultivation has been attended with more trouble because of the extra labor required to destroy the beetles or their larvæ. The last season was an unfavorable season because of a blight that largely affected the crop, reducing it in the aggregate amount very much. With proper care potatoes can be grown upon almost any soil that is reasonably dry, and that is possessed of fair fertility, although a sandy loam is usually preferable. This vegetable will usually succeed fully as well, and probably better, upon a soil that has been devoted to pasturage for some time. It seems to thrive best when obtaining a share of its nourishment from an old sod, and another important consideration is that with such conditions the tubers are usually cleaner and smoother than when grown upon old

land, or that has been under previous cultivation for a little time. Potatoes will seldom do well if planted upon the same soil for a succession of years; the tendency is to roughness and scabbiness. The soilas before suggested, should be fairly fertile, and any supposed deficiency should be provided for by an application upon the surface after plowing. which should be to a depth of six to eight inches, and then thoroughly incorporated with the soil by means of harrowing. One important point to be secured is a light soil, as the potato will seldom thrive in one that is compact and hard. If this condition can not be secured by the usual tillage of the soil, it should be provided for by other means, and one of the best is to use some coarse, strawy manure placed in the furrow with the

After the surface is made mellow by sufficient harrowing, the field should be furrowed to mark the rows, and these furrows should be made to a good depth, as we believe, all things considered, that it is better to plant to a considerable depth. We have considerable faith in horse manure for potatoes, having always secured good and satisfactory results from its use. Some times it has been strewn in the furrow and the seed dropped upon it, and some times the operation has been No longer fertile of invention, ex- reversed. Our practice has for some drop a single piece for a hill, the apart in the row; as a sort of stimuphate may be dropped by the side of each hill, and if the soil is free from stones the covering may be done by the use of the plow.

Ashes are recommended very highly by some in the planting of potatoes, but we are compeled to say that our experience has not encouraged their Sherman and his gang overestimate use, but this may have been because of some peculiarity of the soil. As soon as up the potato crop should be hoed and kept clean of weeds or grass; there is nothing that will affect the growth of the tubers more than a thick growth of weeds in the rows. Clean culture is always to be recommended, but with potatoes it seems to be an absolute necessity. -Wm. H. Yeomans, in N. Y. Observer.

THE FARM HOUSE.

Do Not Let the Year Pass Without Adding to Its Attractions. To the farmer about to build a new house, or improve the old one, a few

words may not be out of place. Too much thought can scarcely be given to the matter, and the woman folks should be consulted, that it may be made as convenient for them to do work in as possible. The kitchen needs especial study. Let it be made as pleasant as possible as to outside views, and have windows enough that as the defamer of dead heroes, but as it may have an abundance of light, even on the cloudiest day. A dark, sponsibility for his deliberate defama- dismal kitchen is any thing but pleasant, and as the housewife must spend -Judging from the voluminous a large part of her time in this room, and unequivocal praise Mr. Melville it can hardly be made too inviting; W. Fuller, of Chicago, is receiving in and the arrangement inside should be every quarter, one would suppose tha | such as to cause as few steps as poshe had just died.—Washington Critic. sible. The writer is building a house -The Alger boom is composed of of which he has been several years in cheek and boodle in equal parts. It is making the plan. The original plan scarcely funny enough to laugh at, and was drawn, and numerous alterscarcely big enough to be disturbed ations and improvements made before the building was commenced. In the erection of a farm house do not follow the prevailing "fashion" too cosely, for in a few years the fashion will change, and then your house will Now let Ingalls ask the country's par- look old and out of date. It is better don for making the use of such lan- to cover with quite a steep roof if shingles are to be used, for it is more economical; more room is had, and go into explanations he might tell the the shingles last much longer. I prepublic why, after supporting McClel- fer a one-half pitch to the roof. The lay of the land, direction of the road, the war was going on, he defamed Mc- and surrounding landscape need to Clellan's memory in 1888, after the be all taken into consideration before building. Be sure of good drainage. Nowhere else can so beautiful a home be made as on the farm. It should be embellished by trees, shrubs and flowers. Let roses of different varieties have a place. What other flower is as dear to our hearts as the rose? How pleasantly it reminds us of our childhood's home; and we may have ever so many of the new and choice sorts, but let the old-fashioned red rose find a sunny nook in the yard. Spring time is a very pleasant season, and we should not let it pass without doing something to make our homes pleasant and attractive. - Western

- "Can you tell me what kind of weather we may expect next month?" wrote a farmer to the editor of his county paper. The editor replied: "It is my belief that the weather next month will be very like your subscrip-

-- A doctor always remembers kindly his first patient—if the patient lives.— San Francisco Chroniele.